

# Hold Dis Blaow! (Prod By Rockwilder)

## Redman

Red's gone wild Yo, I'm hot, global warming ridin on two-six  
I ain't thug nigga I don't, bullet-proof shit  
Gilla nigga, and we abide by the blueprint  
We ain't all loud, holla and whoopin  
Blah blah blah, a whole lot of nothin'  
You know the loud ones, they do a whole lot of duckin'  
I stay on the grind, my hustle real heavy  
And even for that cake I'll fuck Lil' Debbie  
Soldier boy, murder land's like Baltimore  
Roll on stage, more deeper than a Commodore  
Get shut down! Yeah, knock your mans off  
Wouldn't trade places if you ? or Randolph  
Shorty shorty, give me that body  
Start a riot 'til security on the walkie  
Reggie Noble '07, keep all sort of hoes yellin  
Nine-fo'-three-eleven, get it or fo'get it! [Chorus]  
You could hold dis blaow! Real street (real street)  
Real street niggaz ain't havin' that shit  
You could hold dis blaow! Real street (real street)  
Real street niggaz ain't havin' that shit  
You could hold dis blaow! Real street (real street)  
Real street niggaz ain't havin' that shit  
You could hold dis blaow! And niggas is, nig'  
And niggaz is gettin smoked G, believe me  
You could hold dis blaow! Gilla House foundation (yeah)  
Gilla House foundation (aww yeah)  
Gilla House foundation (thorough niggas, no, no!)  
Gilla House foundation (monkey niggaz) Yo, Gilla nigga, era, fuck you, pay me  
Boogie Down like Bronx, high at the skate key  
It's like Janet, "What Have You Done for Me, Lately?"  
Nothin', I blew up, you try to inflate me  
Dog, in my dutch, a whole lot of bud  
End up in Jersey now, a whole lot of blood  
So when you get here show a whole lot of love  
Or leave shot up, robbed and thrown out a truck  
I don't condone, I got kids to relate to  
"Redman Gone Wild" - hear the new debut  
Fox 5 a nigga, boy that's great news  
Now I'm back in the, hood like Grey Goose

Who gon' stop me? I'm razor sharp  
With Gilla niggas front line, and Jay the boss  
Y'all chicken ass niggas blood made of broth  
But I'm barbershop talk, L.A. and New York  
So all you West Coast niggas, get that money  
Cause these Brick City dudes get that money  
It's gonna be, one pussy that'll act funny  
("Yo I'm gon' get this nigga, leave the Cadillac runnin'")  
Yo, Uptown got haze, Miami got crippy ?  
I'm fucked up, I slipped my own self a mickie  
Doin' dirty, I'm triple-X "XXX" like Vin Dies'  
Who you know can, pump weed out of Wendy's  
Shorty shorty, give me that body  
Start a riot 'til security on the walkie  
Reggie Noble '07, keep all sort of hoes yellin'  
Nine-fo'-three-eleven, get it or fo'get it! [Chorus] Gilla Gilla Gilla Gilla  
Yeah, Gilla niggas  
(Gilla Gilla Gilla Gilla)  
Thorough niggaz  
Monkey niggas (blam)

Songwriters

Wallace, Christopher / Stinson, Dayna / Noble, Reggie / Scott, Kevin Delance / Owens, Dominique  
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